

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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THE OPERATIC SEASON.

THE season 1847 having terminated, it becomes our duty to review the events which have signalized its progress. We commence with the Royal Italian Opera, a *resumé* of which has been furnished us by our *collaborateur*, Desmond Ryan. The extreme length of his review renders it impossible for us to insert the notice of Her Majesty's Theatre, which we have prepared ourselves, with some preliminary and general remarks, until next week. Elsewhere will be found our account of *Le Nozze di Figaro* and Mdle. Lind's *Susanna*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

REVIEW OF THE SEASON.

THE year 1847 will be long memorable in musical annals for the establishment of a second Italian Opera in London. It will be memorable for the unparalleled feeling of partizanship, engendered in consequence of that establishment; it will be memorable for the breaking up of that system of managerial policy which considered art as nothing, and self-aggrandisement as everything; it will be memorable for monopoly overthrown, and reformation effected, whose influence will be surely felt for many a lustrum to come.

When we look back to this time twelvemonths—a poor year—and remember that there was then scarcely a breath uttered respecting the new Opera: when we call to mind that it was as late as Christmas-eve when Covent-Garden Theatre was entered by the artizans to commence the entire, dilapidation of that huge house, to build it up again and make it ready for performance by the spring; when we consider the powerful opposition against which the advancement of the new speculation had to contend, the immense sums of money to be procured for so expensive an undertaking, and the short time allowed for completion; and, finally, when we behold the theatre, thoroughly perfected, opening the first week in April, a period earlier even than at one time was announced, it seems to us like some event in a dream or fairy tale, or an act of invisible agency, as surprising as the enchantments of Mægis, or Morgana.

The causes whence arose this establishment require not to be considered too curiously by us. The principal singers, the chorus, and nearly the entire orchestra, with the conductor, thought themselves aggrieved by Mr. Lumley, and deserted his theatre to lend their services to the new speculation. There is no doubt Mr. Costa's secession from Her Majesty's Theatre the year previously was one of the assistant causes in the establishment of the new Opera. Mr. Costa had always been held in the highest respect and esteem by the members of his orchestra, and these, when they found an opportunity of serving under their former leader, did not

hesitate to desert Mr. Lumley's standard and take refuge in the ranks of the enemy; especially since they considered that Mr. Lumley was the aggressing, and Mr. Costa the aggrieved personage, and that for other reasons they had equal cause of complaint in their own cases. We have not taken the trouble to ascertain the exact discrepancy; considering it unnecessary for the purposes of this journal. Meanwhile, the project once set on foot, the new proprietors of Covent Garden were busily securing a company composed of all the first-rate artists that could be procured in Europe. They had already engaged Grisi, Persiani, Mario, Salvi, Tamburini, and Ronconi, all of whom had great names, and were known to the English public. Certainly these alone, of themselves, would have made a magnificent company, and might reasonably be supposed to satisfy the exigencies of any musical theatre; but the proprietors had determined that the lyrical drama performed at Covent Garden should be "on a scale of efficiency in every department never before attempted in England," and for that purpose it was necessary the operatic corps should be considerably enlarged. Italy was searched for singers of reputation, and among others Marini, Rovere, Steffanoni, and Alboni were engaged. Great care was next taken to render the band and chorus as complete as possible. In the orchestra Sainton and Blagrove were placed among the first violins, the former as *chef d'attaque*, and the stringed quartet was increased in power and numbers, such violinists as Mr. Dando consenting to swell the corps of the *ripieni*, and Mr. Jarrett willingly joining in the corps as *third horn*. Every department of the band was carefully revised by the indefatigable conductor, and though perfection was not obtainable in all points, there was brought together, as was subsequently proved, a body of instrumentalists such as was never heard in this country before, and most likely, such as was never surpassed in any country at any period. The chorus was also enlarged and improved; a great change for the better being hardly less effected here than in the band. Early in January the new company issued its prospectus. One of its most popular acts of administration, and one which certainly conferred a grace and gave an importance to the establishment at its outset, was the appointment of Mr. Beale as manager. The general esteem in which Mr. Beale was held, the high respectability of his position in society, his great influence in musical circles, his worth and independence as a man, and his character as a gentleman, lent to the new speculation a weight and a seeming it could not boast of before, and attracted thereto universal attention. From the appointment of Mr. Beale to the management may be dated the first dawn of the success of the Royal Italian Opera. The prospectus was issued in January, it ran as follows:—

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Established for the purpose of rendering a more perfect performance of the Lyric Drama than has hitherto been attained in this country. Under the Direction and Management of Mr. Deane. It is proposed to produce, in the course of the season, some of the established works of Cimarosa, Mozart, Rossini, Meyerbeer, and others of the more modern Italian school, including operas by Bellini, Donizetti, Mercadante, and Verdi, on a scale of the utmost perfection in every department; to which intent the management has assembled a company embracing the greatest and most varied talent in Europe.

Primi Soprani—Mesdames Grisi and Persiani, Ronconi and Steffani (of La Scala, Milan, her first appearance). *Contralti*—Mesdames Albani (of La Scala, and the Imperial Theatre, Vienna, her first appearance), and Corbani. *Tenori*—Signori Mario, Salvator Lavia (of the Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg, his first appearance), Tulli (of San Carlo, Naples, his first appearance), Salvi (of La Scala, Milan, and first appearance on the Italian stage in England). *Primi Bassi Baritoni*—Signori Tamburini and Giorgio Ronconi. *Primi Bassi Profondi*—Signori Marini (of San Carlo, Naples, La Scala, Milan, and the Imperial Theatre, Vienna, his first appearance), Angelo Alba (of Madrid, his first appearance), Polonini (of the Imperial Theatre, Vienna, his first appearance). *Primi Bassi Comici*—Signori Pietro Ley (of Madrid, his first appearance), Agostino Rovere (of the Theatres Royal, Naples, Milan, Vienna, &c., first appearance). *Seconde Donne*—Mesdames Antonietta Mollidori (of La Scala, Milan), Amalia Linari, and Luicina Bellini. *Secondo Tenore*—Signor Emmanuel Slano (of San Carlo, Naples). *Director of the Music, Composer and Conductor*—Mr. Costa.

A powerful and numerous chorus of chosen and experienced singers will complete the vocal department. *Chorus Master*—Signor Bonconsiglio. *Prompter*—Signor Monterasi. The orchestra, formed of artists possessing the highest executive powers, will comprise among its members the following distinguished professors, viz.—*First Violins*—Messrs. Sainton. H. Blagrove. Dando. Willy. Griesbach. Watkins. Case. Thirlwall. Thomas. Mellon. Faley. Zerbini. Browne. Goffie. Hill. *Second Violins*—Messrs. Ella. Newsham. W. Thomas. Payton. H. Westrop. H. Griesbach. Jay. Perry. Marshall. W. Blagrove. Betts. Kelly. Bort. Wilkins. *Tenors*—Messrs Moralt. Hill. Alsept. Lyon. Glanville. Thomson. Hann. Westlake. Trust. R. Blagrove. *Violoncellos*—Messrs. Lindley. Lucas. Hatton. Lavenu. Phillips. Hancock. Hausmann. W. Loder. Goodban. Guest. *Double Basses*—Messrs. Anfosli. Howell. Casolani. Griffiths. C. Severn. Pratten. Campanile. Castell. Vaudreban. *Harp*—Mr. E. Perry. *Flutes*—Messrs Ribas and de Folly. *Oboes*—Messrs Barrett and Nicholson. *Clarionets*—Messrs Lazarus and Boose. *Bassoons*—Messrs. Bauman and Keating. *Horns*—Messrs. Platt, Jarrett, Harper and Rae. *Opicicleide*—M. Prospero. *Trumpets*—Messrs. T. Harper and Handley. *Trombones*—Messrs. Cioffi, Smithies and Healey. *Drums*—Mr. Chipp. *Triangle*—Mr. Seymour. *Bass Drum*—Mr. Horton.

The military band of the Coldstream Guards will be under the direction of Mr. Godfrey. An organ of extensive compass has been erected in the theatre by Messrs. Flight and Son. The Scenery by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin. Poet and Translator of the Libretti, Signor Maggioni.

The Ballet—Of a brilliant and costly character, will close the performance of the evening, and no diversion will be suffered between the acts of operas. The director has the pleasure to announce that he has concluded an engagement with Mlle. Fanny Elssler; and during the season, the following eminent danseuses will appear—*Premieres Danseuses*—Mlle. Dumilatre. Mlle. Plunkett. Mlle. Bertin. Mlle. Neodot. Mlle. Marietta Baderna. Mlle. Fuoco. Mons. Petipa. Mons. Delferier. Mons. Auguste Mabilie. Mlle. Aural. Mlle. Demelisse. Mlle. Celeste Stephan. Mlle. Delechaux. Mlle. Levallois. Mlle. Duval. Mlle. Rita Pereda. Mlle. Arnal. Mlle. Anna Monroy. Miss Genge. Miss Hartley. Miss Barnett. Miss Kendall. Miss Rose Cohan. Miss Laura Maurice. Miss Chester. Miss Marsten. Miss L. Paris. Miss C. Paris. Miss Maskell. Miss Lee. Miss Kirby. Miss E. Claie. Miss Brown. Miss R. Wright. Miss Clifford. Miss Ward. with a numerous body of Coryphees and Figurantes. *Maitres de Ballet*—Mons. Albert (of the Grand Opera, Paris), and Mons. Blais (of the theatre la scala, Milan.) *Leader of the Ballet*—Mr. Alfred Mellon. *Regisseur de la Danse*—Mr. O'Brian. *Composer*—Signor Alessandro Curni (of the San Carlo Theatre, Naples).

Among the names of the composers whose works are promised we find those of Cimarosa, Meyerbeer, and Mercadante. But we had no opera of Cimarosa, nor of Meyerbeer, nor of Mercadante. So far the proprietors may be said to have broken the pledge of their prospectus, but when it is considered that almost all the operas produced at the new theatre had unparalleled success, and that they were consequently repeated oftener than was intended, it will be seen that this alone precluded the possibility of giving all that was promised; and a still more cogent reason, and one in which the public entirely sympathised, compelled the management to depart from the minute terms of the prospectus—viz., the immense success of Albani, and her favouritism with the public, which demanded she should be heard as frequently as possible, and necessitated the production of operas in which she would have a part. Moreover it must not be forgotten

that every opera produced required as much time, pains, and expense as an entirely new work. With regard to the principal artists promised, strict faith has been preserved, if we except one of the *bassi profondi*, Signor Angelo Alba, who did not appear, and whose place was supplied by Signor Tagliafico from the *Italiens* at Paris. From the impression Tagliafico made in many of his performances, we are inclined to think that the Royal Italian Opera lost nothing by the exchange. With regard to the other portions of the prospectus, every item has been scrupulously observed; so that on the whole, it may be fairly inferred, that the directors of the Royal Italian Opera published their prospectus with an eye to its strict fulfilment, laying down no more than was compassable, and intending no more than was within their means: that nearly every thing therein promised was carried out, and that the departures from the prospectus were perfectly warranted by circumstances, and agreeable to the feelings of the public.

On Tuesday, April the 6th, the very day announced months previously, the Royal Italian Opera opened with *Semiramide*. The management could not have selected a better opera under all circumstances. In the first place the brilliant overture, and splendid instrumentation of *Semiramide*, would *a priori*, tax the highest powers and resources of the orchestra. In the next place the choruses were numerous and on a grand scale, and would perfectly display the completeness of the choral department; and lastly, the three principal characters of the opera would give Grisi, Albani, and Tamburini fine scope to exhibit their vocal and histrionic capabilities. In addition to these, the magnificence of the scenery required for *Semiramide*, together with the costliness of the dresses, the scenic accessories, &c., and the provision of a military band on the stage, must necessarily afford an opportunity for conveying a complete idea of the manner in which the Royal Italian Opera management intended to produce operas on the stage. Therefore the *Semiramide*, agreeing with all these requirements, was happily selected. Never shall we forget the opening night of the theatre. The pit was half filled with people who, we conscientiously believe, never entered the walls of an opera house before. These, we presume, were attracted solely by the opening of a new theatre, and paid their eight shillings to behold Covent Garden converted into a "house for singing." Upon entering the Pit the light seemed somewhat dull, and the hangings had rather a dingy appearance. The shape of the house was pronounced on all sides irreproachable and a great improvement on the ancient theatre. While the eyes of every body in attempting to scan the ornaments, the ceiling, the proscenium, the hangings, the *facades* &c. and were endeavouring to penetrate a sort of haze that seemed to envelope the whole house, suddenly the whole area of the theatre was flooded with a light so pure and brilliant that one might have fancied it was broad daylight. "The lustre, the lustre," shouted simultaneously a thousand voices, and then there followed such a shout of applause, and such a clapping of hands, as must have warmed the heart of old Covent Garden, which had not felt such cheering for many years. And now that every portion of the house was so plainly visible its real beauties became apparent. Perhaps there is not in the world a more elegant theatre than Covent Garden. Witness the magnificence of its painted proscenium, the splendor, yet chasteness of its ornaments, the fitness of its decorations, and the symmetrical proportions of the whole. Certainly we have heard exceptions taken to a portion of its embellishments, and of its decorations, which would not seem

to be entirely ungrounded. The painted entablatures of the ceiling have been pronounced too heavy, and discordant in color with the brightness of the house. We are inclined to agree with this opinion. The curtains have been considered too dark, and it has been said that they render the appearance of the boxes dull and sombre, and are not in keeping with the brilliancy and lightness of the rest of the theatre. From this we take leave to dissent. The hangings are, in color, of a fine crimson, and to make them a shade brighter would be to bring them to the confines of scarlet, a very bad night color. Those who find fault with the 'draperies of the Royal Italian Opera are such, and such only, as have been accustomed to the glittering gorgeousness of the hangings of Her Majesty's Theatre, and can espy nothing beautiful save what dazzles, surprises and astonishes. The occupiers of the boxes, at all events, will have to thank the choosers of the Covent Garden decorations, as the color suits admirably the complexion of the ladies. With these exceptions the house was the theme of universal admiration. The lustre was pronounced the most splendid ever hung in a theatre, and the proscenium the most magnificent both in design and execution ever beheld. The provision of stuffed chairs in the pit gave entire satisfaction, another great improvement on the old system. And now the members of the orchestra began to make their appearance, and we recognized the faces we had known so many years at Her Majesty's Theatre. After a while Signor Costa appeared and was greeted tumultuously from all parts of the house. Then there was a pause interrupted occasionally by the tuning of an instrument; then the tap of the Conductor's *baton* on the tin reflector—a call to order and attention—then an uplifting of the *baton*—and the overture commenced. It was an anxious moment for Sig. Costa. The instant the band was heard its power was felt. The overture was magnificently played. The quickness and precision of the *allegro* passages, the mellowness and suavity of the *andante*, the accuracy of the solos and the thunder of the *fortes* were never equalled in our hearing. The band was faultless. We have opened the theatre to our readers, but we shall not tax their patience by leading him through the *minutia* of this stirring night. It is unnecessary to allude to the enthusiastic reception accorded to Grisi and Tamburini. These, as they were expected, caused no surprise. Nor need we speak of the perfection of the chorus, nor the splendour of the scenery. But we cannot pass over one event of the evening, which caused the greatest surprise, and the issue of which has had an influence on the destinies of Covent Garden, as gratifying as it was unexpected, without dwelling on it for some space of time. We speak of the *debut* of the new *contralto*, Signora Alboni. So little was known of this lady in England, that we could learn nothing of her but what was vague and unsatisfactory. In our article in the *Musical World* of February the 6th, descending on the prospectus issued by the Royal Italian Opera, we made mention of her thus:—"Alboni who is the only *Signora* in the catalogue, has a sort of floating reputation that oozes from time to time out of the adeposity of Italian Carnivals, whether deserved or not, we cannot pretend to determine." So little did the public think of Signora Alboni, that when she came on the first night as *Arsace*, they received her with the utmost indifference, looking upon her with about as little interest as upon any individual in the chorus. But she had not sung three bars of her opening recitative before she rivetted the attention of the whole house. The wondrous beauty and purity of her tones went right home, instantaneously, to every heart. At the end of the recitative the audience were excited to an absolute *furor*, and Alboni

was established in the public mind as a great singer, and for ever. Great as was Alboni's success on the first night, it was only a foundation for repeated triumphs during the rest of the season. By every new part in which she has appeared she has obtained an addition to her reputation. A contrast here naturally suggests itself with a popular singer belonging to the rival establishment, which we cannot resist setting forth. The antipodes scarcely present a greater contrast than is afforded by Jenny Lind and Alboni, whether it be in their persons, their talents, or their fortunes. The one came to London heralded by such a name as no artiste ever possessed before: the other came almost unknown, and certainly unreported. Jenny Lind's voice, though beautiful, is not faultless; Alboni's, beautiful in another style, is without a flaw. Jenny Lind's talent is as artificial as it is brilliant; Alboni's as natural as it is charming. The Swedish Nightingale is fair-haired, slight, and homely; the Italian Mavis is dark, stout, and very handsome. But in the amount of impression produced on the public mind, and the increase, or falling off of that impression, chiefly consists the great antithesis between the two famous artistes. Nothing could surpass the impression Jenny Lind produced the first night she appeared in London. This was an anti-climax. That impression has been wearing out ever since. We do not mean to say that Jenny Lind does not attract as large audiences now as on her first coming to London. That would be stating what we do not know. But, supposing she does, we can easily account for the prolongation of the Lind attraction. There are upwards of 200,000 people coming to London every week, all strangers. Now among so many it would be wonderful indeed if Jenny Lind, with her extraordinary provincial reputation, could not find a few thousands nightly, who, out of mere curiosity, would be induced to hear one whom the *Morning Post* has dubbed a *better singer than Malibran, and a better actress than Rachel*. We cannot lose sight of the fact, that with those who have heard her more than once, Jenny Lind's exorbitant reputation is declining. But the case is directly the opposite with Alboni. The oftener she is heard the more genuine and enthusiastic are the feelings she excites; and we have little doubt that ere a year passes by, the *contralto* of the Royal Italian Opera will have pulled down from her throne of pre-eminence the *soprano* of Her Majesty's Theatre. The first performance of the new company was a forerunner of the many triumphs of the season. We never witnessed an opera so splendidly executed in every respect as the *Semiramide*. The chorus, band, and principal singers were as powerful as art and indefatigability could render them, and the enthusiasm excited in the audience was the legitimate consequence of the finest combination of first-rate talent applied to the execution of a great work in the completest form.

We must now give a general glance at the performances of the season, and consider the causes that have conducted to the success of the new establishment; for be it known, that the success attending the Royal Italian Opera performances has been commensurate with the highest expectations. We must next allude to the principal singers, endeavouring to estimate their separate influences on the fortunes of the theatre; and finally devote a few lines to Signor Costa's importance as a conductor.

Seventeen operas have been given by the new company at Covent Garden during the season. Of these, five were Rossini's: namely, *Semiramide*, *L'Italiana in Algieri*, *Il Barbiere*, *La Gazza Ladra*, and *La Donna del Lago*: two were Mozart's (and such a twain!!!) *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*: five were Donizetti's, *Lucia di Lammer-*

moor, *Anna Bolena*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and *Maria di Rohan*: three were Bellini's, *Sonnambula*, *Puritani*, and *Norma*: and two were Verdi's, *Ernani* and *I Due Foscari*. In addition to these there was given on two occasions a scena from Donizetti's *Betty*, for Mademoiselle Alboni. Some of the above performances must have been necessarily better than others. Those which were given in the completest form, and in a manner certainly never dreamt of before in this country, were *Semiramide*, *Barbiere*, *Don Giovanni*, *Figaro*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Norma*, *La Gazza Ladra*, and *La Donna del Lago*. The other operas, though carefully and completely performed, did not draw on the highest resources of the band and chorus, and achieved a less decided effect. The great impression produced by the *Maria di Rohan* and the *Due Foscari* was entirely owing to Ronconi's wonderful acting, the operas being considerably below average merit. The *Lucia* was an immense hit, due for the most part to Salvi and Ronconi, in consequence of their highly impressive acting and singing. Salvi's Edgardo was one of the great hits of the season. The *Italiana in Algeri*, introducing Marini and Rovere, was played three nights. The music captivated, but did not excite, and so the performance gave much pleasure, but awoke no enthusiasm. The *Sonnambula* pleased for a few nights, but was not violently successful. We suspect, but this is *entre nous*, that Persiani's position between Grisi and Alboni was anything but favorable to the display of her talents. Persiani is really a wonderful artist, yea, the most wonderful of them all, but unfortunately the people prefer voice, and Persiani's organ is deficient. The *Elisir d'Amore* did nothing, though it was splendidly performed, and Tamburini's comic acting should have been sufficient to guarantee it a long run. *Ernani* was given twice, introducing Mademoiselle Steffanoni. We forget what impression it produced. All the other operas were decidedly great triumphs, the performances surpassing by many degrees any thing of the kind ever done in England. To give some idea of the perfection of the ensembles in these operas, we may instance the *Lucrezia Borgia*, in which Marini, the *primo basso* who in Milan played the Duke with great eclat, undertook the part of one of the conspirators, without having three bars of solo to sing; and Tagliafico, Polonini, Pietro Ley, &c., all stars in their continental hemispheres, did not deem it beneath them to sing in the chorus. The *Donna del Lago* offers another instance of this perfection in the ensemble, wherein we find Rovere, Tagliafico, Polonini, Pietro Ley, &c., undertaking the Bards, who come on merely to sing in the first *finale*. That the chorus in general was vastly improved was evidenced in the first performance of *Semiramide*. We never heard a band of singers display so much precision, energy, and power. The female choir was absolutely faultless, and shewed the training they must have undergone to have brought them to such perfection. Of the orchestra we do not think it necessary to say more than we have said at the commencement of our article. It is universally admitted that a more complete and magnificent body of instrumentalists never assembled together in a theatre. Their performances alone at the Royal Italian Opera would be well worth paying to hear. We must now direct the reader's attention to the principal singers, and fairly set before him the value and importance of each artist individually, and endeavour, by a statement of facts, simply to arrive at a conclusion of how much service the artist was in furthering the success of the season: and this brings us to her who has been the most important and influential of all the vocalists in directing the fortunes of the Royal Italian Opera—Giulia Grisi.

Of the seventeen operas produced at Covent-Garden during the season, Grisi appeared in ten. These were *Semiramide*, *Puritani*, *Norma*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Anna Bolena*, *Due Foscari*, *Don Giovanni*, *Nozze di Figaro*, *Gazza Ladra*, and *La Donna del Lago*. Of the sixty performances of the season, she appeared in no less than forty-five. This alone amounts to a strong proof of her overwhelming importance in the Covent Garden company. But besides this, it is an incontrovertible fact that Grisi has created a greater sensation this year than she has done since she came to this country. The causes of this, which at first sight would seem paradoxical, may be readily found. It must be granted that when Grisi first came to London, however exquisite her voice might have been and finished her vocalization, and whatever sensibility and felicity of portrayal her acting might have displayed, she fell short of the loftiest efforts of genius. She was not yet fashioned to stand on the highest pinnacle of fame. She was just beginning to climb that hill on whose summit Malibran stood, and was beginning to put forth those wings which, at no distant period, were destined to waft her, yea, to the same towering height as Malibran. Grisi was yet young, and Nature had done so much for her that it rendered her somewhat careless of improving and cultivating her genius. The public were so contented with her, and their applauses were so rapturous, that she seemed to have gained all she desired. "The force of favor could no further go,"—so thought Grisi, but she was soon compelled to alter her sentiments. In attempting to depict some of the sterner characters of the Lyric drama, she found she had still something to consider and to learn. Stung by the unworthy comparisons of some journal of the day, her genius rose within her, and she was determined to do or die. A genius like Grisi's seizes and embodies with the rapidity of lightning. In a few brief seasons she stood pre-eminent as the grandest delineator of the tragic passions since the days of Pasta. But still all immediate competition was apart; there was no Richmond in the field to claim the "golden round" from her, and Grisi, from want of some extreme cause of excitement, occasionally allowed her intellect to "rust in her unused." We have frequently had cause to complain in the *Musical World* of Grisi's apathy and indifference. This was during the latter years of her engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre. We are now aware that there was a far stronger reason than natural indolence, or any want of exciting cause from the absence of competition, to account for Grisi's apathy and indifference. For the last two years of her engagement all friendly intercourse had ceased between her and Mr. Lumley. A misunderstanding, or, more properly, a breach had taken place between the artist and the manager, and Grisi, who thought herself insulted, went on the stage, night after night, utterly heedless how she sang, or how she acted. At the very first opportunity she broke from her bonds at Her Majesty's Theatre, and flew into the ranks of the Covent Garden company, determined to exert her genius and talents to the utmost, and show the world what LA DIVA could really do when she felt inclined. The manner in which she sang on the first night of the opening of the Royal Italian Opera proved she was still the greatest vocal artist in the world. Here every thing seemed to lend a spur to her genius and exertions. First, she was naturally anxious to establish the new theatre, after having quarrelled with the old one—a powerful motive for putting forth her energies; next she had a profound regard for the manager—a sufficient stimulus to press her onward in the cause; and lastly, Alboni's great success (for she knew beforehand what that success would be)

was enough to awaken any dormant faculty, and make her apply it to the best advantage. These motives combined, made Grisi exert herself to such extent, that those who heard and saw her in, what some call, her best days, declared she was never half so great as at the present time. Almost every opera in which she appeared had an immense success. Her singing was pronounced more marvellous than ever; and her acting was universally allowed to be equal to the finest efforts of Pasta and Malibran. Perhaps there was yet another cause, chiefier than those above named, why Grisi came out with such determined vigour and renovated powers. Had not the coming of the popular Jenny Lind something to do with those astonishing and arduous nightly displays that would seem to wear out, in brief season, a constitution, unless it were made of very iron? Was there not in the whirlwind of passion she allowed to sway her in *Norma*, a murmur, or underbreath, which seemed to say—"With this blast I blow into invisible fragments for ever the frigid efforts of the Swedish nightingale?" If there were not, there might have been, as that was exactly what did happen. We have not room to follow Grisi through all her triumphs. At no period of her career in England has she been received with anything like the amount of enthusiasm she has encountered this season at the Royal Italian Opera; and at no period has she sang more divinely, or acted half so magnificently. The season 1847 at the Royal Italian Opera has been the true climax of Grisi's reputation.

Next to Grisi we consider Alboni to have been the greatest source of attraction of the Royal Italian Opera corps. We are aware that there are many who will tell you that Alboni has been the chief loadstone of the company, but in this they decidedly err. Nor was that possible, even though Alboni's qualities were superior to Grisi's; seeing that Grisi on every occasion played the principal part, or one of the principal parts in the operas; Alboni only in four operas undertaking leading characters. Alboni, like Grisi, appeared in ten operas. These were *Semiramide*, *Italiana in Algieri*, *Barbiere*, *Maria di Rohan*, *Anna Bolena*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Gazza Ladra*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Ernani*, and *La Donna del Lago*. She appeared forty-three nights out of the sixty, or more than two nights in three. Her reception in *Semiramide*, on the opening night, was tremendous. We never witnessed a more decided case of super-eminent success. The whole house felt it, and acknowledged it by yielding itself up to a pitch of enthusiasm to which an English audience is rarely wound. The entire of the daily press—even the *Morning Post* could not shirk his chagrined pen from it—echoed the triumphant success. From that night we have marked the progress of this inimitable artiste in public favour,—for be it remembered that something of Alboni's immense success on the first night must be attributable to its unexpectedness—and we now behold her placed among the greatest favorites that ever adorned the operatic boards. Her performance of Malcolm Græme formed a splendid climax to all her triumphs.

Our old favorite, Tamburini, assuredly follows next, as the artist who has tended most to add weight and importance to, and encrease the attraction of the new operatic corps. Tamburini appeared in nine operas out of the seventeen, viz:—*Semiramide*, *Sonnambula*, *Puritani*, *Anna Bolena*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Don Giovanni*, *Nozze di Figaro*, *Gazza Ladra*, and *Lucrezia Borgia*. He appeared forty times during the season in entire operas, and two or three in selections on extra nights. The service this great artist has rendered to the Royal Italian Opera cannot be sufficiently estimated. His admirable singing and unsurpassed acting in all he undertook, whether it was light comedy, or genteel comedy, or

elegant comedy, or serious drama, or melo-drama, or tragedy, were equally the theme of wonder and admiration. His *Don Giovanni* alone would have made his fame European. The Royal Italian Opera would certainly lose its right arm, if it lost the services of Signor Antonio Tamburini.

Signor Ronconi has been one of the principal sources of attraction at the Royal Italian Opera, or, more properly, would have been, had his services been more used. He only appeared in four operas, but in these four he achieved two of the greatest triumphs of the season. Those who have seen him in *Maria di Rohan* and *I Due Foscari*, have witnessed two of the most finished and powerfully tragic performances of modern times. We must greatly blame the management, however, for not bringing forward Ronconi oftener; for though his main power lies in deep tragedy, and few of the modern masters have written tragic parts to suit a barytone, at least one of his peculiar quality, yet, from his repertoire of 140 operas, there would surely have been found many which the public could have been pleased to hear. It will hardly be denied that among the greatest triumphs of the season must rank the *Maria di Rohan*, and *I Due Foscari*, in which the acting and singing of Ronconi were immensely great, and certainly entitled him to far more consideration than he has received from the management. What a pity the *Otello* of Rossini would not fit Ronconi's voice. What a magnificent performance it would be. It is Ronconi's misfortune that there is nobody but Verdi left to write for him.

Of Madame Persiani's attractive powers we do not feel ourselves bound to make statement, as that lady, from some cause we are unacquainted with, withdrew herself entirely from the Royal Italian Opera; or—we must give the fair artiste the benefit of the doubt—was taken ill, and could not perform after four or five representations.

Signor Mario is the most popular and accomplished tenor in Europe. He was an immense addition to the new company, and was one of its greatest attractions. He appeared in the following nine operas: *Sonnambula*, *Puritani*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Barbiere* (once), *Anna Bolena*, *Due Foscari*, *Don Giovanni*, *Gazza Ladra*, and *Donna del Lago*. He performed thirty-two times in entire operas, and five or six in single acts or selections. His most splendid performances were in *Sonnambula*, *Puritani*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *La Donna del Lago*.

Signor Salvi places us in the same predicament as Madame Persiani. He seceded from the opera before little more than half of the season had passed. His success, however, was unequivocally great. His *debut* was one of the most triumphant ever witnessed on the stage.

Signor Marini came from Italy with a very high reputation. He deserved it, in some respects, and belied it in others. The quality of his voice is the most beautiful we ever heard in a bass; but this fine organ is too frequently marred by dubious intonation, and its power lies too low to be at all times available. As an actor we think him better in comedy than tragedy, although he came to London with a great serious repute. His *Mustapha*, in *Italiana in Algieri*, was capital, and he was still more excellent in *Basilio*, in the *Barbiere*. His *Figaro* in the *Nozze* gained him many admirers. Taking him all in all, Marini was a great addition to the Covent Garden corps. This gentleman deserves the highest possible praise for permitting himself to be cast in inferior parts. The feeling is alike honourable and artistic. Signor Marini's commanding voice was found of immense advantage to the general tone of the opera, on many occasions, in parts hitherto thought of no consequence.

Signor Rovere, the buffo, claims great praise at our hands.

He was of decided utility in the cast of the best operas of the season. He debuted in Taddeo in *L'Italiana*, and acted with extraordinary comic humour, but which, nevertheless, appeared to the audience somewhat exaggerated. That it was not so, and that it was but following the true reading, we are reasonably led to infer from his subsequent performances, in not one of which did he betray the least tendency to extravagance. Signor Rovere's Leporello, Bartolo in the *Barbiere*, and Basilio in the *Nozze di Figaro* were excellent, and required little to render them first-rate. The Royal Italian Opera would meet with a serious loss if deprived of his services.

Signor Tagliafico has shown himself a most worthy member of the great vocal host at Covent Garden. On every occasion when his services were made available, he proved himself of the utmost utility, and in one or two instances come out with a power and an energy that would not have discredited the first living artist. He was magnificent in the Ghost in *Don Giovanni*.

Signor Polonini also deserves honorable mention for the efficient assistance he lent in sustaining several of the minor characters. He has a fine bass voice, and sings like a thorough musician.

Signor Bettini came late, and appeared under considerable disadvantages. He had to debut in one of Salvi's principal parts, and after that great tenor's success, the undertaking involved no small amount of risk. Nevertheless, he acquitted himself most creditably, and was received with much favor. He appeared only in two parts, which hardly authorises us to pronounce a determinate opinion on his real merits. There is no doubt that he has a fine voice, but we are inclined to think the parts in which he has appeared are out of its legitimate register.

Three fair artistes remain for us to notice of the magnificent group of the Covent Garden vocalists, viz., Madame Ronconi, and the Desmoiselles Steffanoni and Corbari. The first lady has been somewhat obliquely dealt with. She made her first appearance as Maria in *Maria di Rohan*, and though her performance was not such as might have been expected from Grisi, it was, to our thinking, a highly admirable one. Strange to say, the very journal that upholds through thick and thin every thing that is done at Covent Garden, pronounced this performance a failure: and that in the teeth of the artist being recalled at the end of the opera, and obtaining more than an average amount of applause. We like fair play, and heartily hope that the writer in the journal alluded to was innocent of what he was writing about. That we were correct in the opinions we formed of Madame Ronconi was proved by the second appearance of that lady in Maria, when she was received with still greater favour by the public. Madame Steffanoni debuted in *Ernani*. She produced a very lively sensation, and is, in many respects, rarely gifted as a singer. The Countess in the *Nozze di Figaro* was the only other part in which this artiste appeared. She sang Mozart's music judiciously and carefully, and acted in a very lady-like manner. Mademoiselle Steffanoni proved a very praiseworthy substitute for Madame Persiani. Mademoiselle Corbari made decidedly the best *seconda donna* within our remembrance. This young lady is a most charming singer, has a charming voice, and only requires a little more self-dependence, and a little more time and experience—she is still very young—to make her a great artiste. She was the best Adalgisa we ever heard. She was also excellent as Elvira in *Don Giovanni*—a most arduous part, be it understood. Mademoiselle Corbari was certainly a worthy addition to the Royal Italian Opera Company.

We have now had our say respecting the band and the chorus, and all the principal singers whom we considered worth an especial notification in our review of the season; but we cannot conclude without devoting a few lines to Signor Costa, whose fame and position, independent of what he has effected for the Royal Italian Opera, would demand some attention from our pen. Perhaps no individual in Europe is more happily endowed by nature with qualities befitting the conductor of an operatic band than Signor Costa. To the talents of an accomplished musician, an amazing quickness of ear, decision and promptitude in the use of his baton, and a manner of wielding it that conveys a forcible meaning, together with almost an intuitive knowledge of the mode of treating a *morceau* dramatically, Signor Costa adds energy, ardour, and indefatigable industry in his office as general of an orchestra. He never spares time, nor study, nor labour, to effect that which time, study, and labour can effect. As a disciplinarian, he is the very Napoleon of the orchestra, treating all the members of his band in terms of the greatest familiarity, but without allowing them or himself to break that line of separation which he knows well cannot be broken on either side without the power and influence of the *chef* being compromised. For this reason, Signor Costa obtains the friendship and respect of every individual in the band, which therefore works under him, as though the work were a real labour of love. Signor Costa's kindness to the gentlemen of the orchestra in allowing them to absent themselves from rehearsals when they have engagements for which they receive payment, places him in an amiable light. His influence among a certain section of the aristocracy no doubt has had some effect on the success of the Royal Italian Opera season. We do not think that the Covent Garden management could have found anywhere a gentleman in every way so admirably suited to conduct their instrumental forces. But Signor Costa is not infallible, and we are sorry to be compelled to found so grievous a charge against him as that of not paying due respect to the scores of the great works of Mozart and Rossini. The introduction of new instruments into places in which the composer never intended them, and the eternal use of the noisy brass band, showed either a curious obliquity of taste, or a desire to please the public palate by making that extraordinary which was simply beautiful. The meddling with the scores of *Barbiere* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, was decidedly an error, and did not tend to elevate the establishment in the mind of the musical public. We are quite sure if Signor Costa heard his own band as we hear it in the pit, he would soon find that the only effect produced by the additional brass, is to drown all the rest of the instruments—a thing not to be desired. The blast of Orlando's terrible horn at Roncevalles, when he blew for succour, and was heard as far, yea, as Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port, where Charlemagne lay with his army, only some hundreds of leagues off, seems but a child's penny whistle to the stunning, deafening strepitation of these instruments at Covent Garden. We are certain Signor Costa has not the least idea of the effect thus produced in his orchestra. If he is desirous of having his band heard to advantage he will in future dispense with them altogether. As this is honestly meant we trust Signor Costa will take a friendly hint from it; if not, we shall not give up the subject, but return to it again and again, determined to preach a crusade against these Saracenic intruders. And so we rest contented at present.

A few lines must suffice for the ballet. It must be conceded that the Covent Garden ballets did not excite the overwhelming interesting they excited at the other house. The operas extinguished them. We need not name all the principal dancers

engaged during the season. A few names, however, will show these were all but equal to the great guns of Her Majesty's Theatre. First, we notice the universally-accomplished Fanny Ellsler, than whom no one who ever breathed had greater genius as a *mime*; then Dumilatre, a very elegant *danseuse*; and the graceful Fleury; and again the fascinating and beautiful Plunkett, who promises to be Carlotta the Second; and the sylph-like, ever-pointing Fuoco—so full of hope and expectation, that she is *ever on the toe*; and the Andalusian, Marietta Brambilla, who plays the castanets as no one ever played them before; and many more of inferior note,—showing that the Covent Garden management obtained all the Terpsichorean celebrities obtainable.

Several grand ballets, and a number of *divertissements* have been produced. Among these, *Manon L'Escaut*, which exhibited Fanny Ellsler's splendid dramatic powers to great advantage, and Dion Bourcicault's *Salamandrine*, were among the most beautiful we have seen. The former was arranged by the accomplished Signor Casati, the latter by the clever and careful M. Blasis.

A strong word of praise is also due to Mr. Grieve for his admirable scenery, and another to Mr. A. Harris for his efficient and spirited direction of the *mise en scene*.

The Royal Italian Opera despite the Lind attraction, the *prestige* of the elder establishment, and the preference of Royalty, has had a triumphant season. No establishment founded in this country has ever given more general satisfaction; and now that confidence is confirmed, and the real intentions of the new company are seen, there is no doubt that the public will rush next year to support that which is excellent in itself, and is conducted on the best principles.

DESMOND RYAN.

A Treatise on the "Affinities" of Goethe,

IN ITS WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE,

DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTICAL VALUE,

Translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Theodor Röscher,
Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

CHAPTER II.—(continued from page 522).

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SINGLE CHARACTERS IN THE "AFFINITIES."

EVERY creature has a moment of the brightest bloom in its existence, in which that which it can become, according to its nature—its full organisation—steps into existence perfectly. This instant,* developed in its deep significance, exhibits to us this blooming point of Charlotte; for all the elements of her existence have been interpenetrated into the most intensive life; she rules, so to speak, at this instant, the whole measure of all her moral and mental powers, as far as she is capable of developing them. But here Charlotte, at the same time, breaks off the perfect fruit of this moment. She looks down, smiling, upon the contradiction and perplexity into which she has fallen, "she feels herself inwardly restored." But this internal repose gains its purest and most beautiful character from the fact, that it rests with self-consciousness on the deeply-felt significance of marriage, and this connects itself with the infinitude of the moral idea. Thus Charlotte is not only internally restored, but also allows the objective power of the moral substance, which has been removed from her for a moment, to rule clearly within her. It is, as it were, the atmosphere of her whole existence, the refreshing exhalation of which she now draws in at full draughts, and the life power of which she has never before experienced to such a degree. This is represented to us in the most judicious manner by the solemn renewal of the vow of conjugal fidelity, which, touched and kneeling, she repeats.

* Namely, when she warns the Captain.—Translator.

Indeed, Charlotte, in this great, important moment, is reborn as Edward's wife, for she has freely extricated herself from the labyrinth in which the unguarded natural force of feeling threatened irretrievably to leave her. The first vow before the altar was an oath of fidelity, which she had made without knowing the strength of its enemy, nay, without suspecting the possibility of an attack; the second vow, which she makes to herself, manifests to us the conscious exaltation of the moral idea, which has proceeded out of the contest. The certainty of the sanctity of the substantial power of marriage, has now changed itself into a moral consciousness, which becomes the truth, and, as such, penetrates the whole being. Charlotte has become perfectly aware of its high moral dignity, its force, and its importance.

What is still developed from this point, appears to us only as an out-beaming of this purest consciousness, which, however, can no more raise itself to a higher power (Potenz). The further utterances and actions of Charlotte are, therefore, only the unfolding, and, as it were, the voucher for this moral depth, which has once for all been gained, and which only brings itself perfectly to light.

What any one acquires by means of his moral liberty, is to him a gain, which he neither selfishly locks up, nor believes to be denied to others. He even exhorts his fellow-beings to acquire what he has gained by his struggle on this ground, and expects from kindred beings a victory over themselves with the same confidence, as he cannot suppose them to possess less moral energy. If Charlotte can collect herself to a renewed existence, why should she not hope the same from Edward? On her point of view, it is a very natural delusion, into which she has fallen just through her own strength and circumspection, that that which has been forcibly severed, may be again united. Whoever has so happily moulded† himself into the sphere of the self-denying, how should he not summon to reflection one held fast by passion, and make success dependent from his will alone. This justifies Charlotte in her eloquent appeal to Edward, in which she holds before him the mirror of her own soul. Here she rightly warns him to lay the axe to the tree himself, since, "No one can any more take care of us, we must be our own friends, our own tutors: no one expects of us that we shall lose ourselves in extremes." And looking upon herself as one escaped from passion, she entreats him with as much earnestness as tenderness, not to despise the counsel and aid which she offers. "In troubled cases, he who sees clearest, must act and assist. On this occasion, I am that person. Can you advise me so immediately to renounce my well-acquired happiness, my fairest rights—nay, to renounce you?" To understand the whole value of this situation, we must not forget that Charlotte expresses all this as something that has been thoroughly felt, and has thoroughly thrilled through her inmost being. The intensity exactly lies in this. Before a catastrophe so courageously passed through by Charlotte, such a warning would have been wanting in the fragrance of true womanliness; it would not have been without a shade of a certain "school-mastering," which one would always have listened to doubting whether thought and deed so completely kept pace with each other. This whole scene now appears to us so important, so truly feminine, exactly because we hear from the circumspect and clear-minded lady, a great event in the history of her own feelings—see spread out the germ of a treasure dug up in the depths of the heart. The clearness of thought has seized upon and purified the soul. Throughout the whole, we only hear the eloquent expression of her own purification from the dross of the natural force.

Whoever, like Charlotte, has allowed the moral power so completely to prevail in him, and by it has again restored himself, is able to practice self-denial generally, to renounce his own weal and happiness. This is a trait which no more surprises with such a nature, after what it has accomplished. But, nevertheless, it is necessary that she who has seized us by the energy of moral dignity, should elevate us by her moral eminence in the renunciation of her own happiness. But let us consider more closely the circumstances under which this happens. To elevate above all

† The expression is, "sich dem Kreise einbilden." The general meaning of the words, "sich einbilden" is, "to imagine to oneself" but these require the accusative, of the thing imagined; and the "sich" is dative. By going into the root of the word, I have given a meaning, which seems to me to suit the context, but for which I have no precedent.—Translator.

doubt the purity of a remuneration of one's own weal, we must have gained a double conviction: first, that that which the individual gives up, is really a dear and esteemed good; secondly, that he does not gain in exchange some other desired good—nay, that the very thought of such an exchange is decidedly excluded. It is through this certainty that the sacrifice first appears in its true essence, and the self-denying person in his moral eminence.

Let us compare with this general thought the concrete position of Charlotte. It is not until Charlotte sees the fate of several persons, who stand so near to her, in her own hand, that she perceives that the gates of deliberation are completely closed—that the individuals have lost themselves in the labyrinth of passion, that she sees in what has happened a command to resign the possession of Edward. She consents to the separation, with the reflection, "that there are certain things which fate obstinately purposes to carry out. It is in vain that reason and virtue, that duty and everything sacred, stand in the way; something is to happen which is right to fate, but which does not seem right to us, and thus fate at last carries its point, let us demean ourselves as we will." We here see Charlotte, who, before, with all the strength of her soul, exhorted Edward to *man* himself, and was unwilling to give up all claim to her dear husband, now thoroughly practise self-denial. Her mind bows to that which stands before her as unalterable, and a longer resistance to which appears to her as presumptuous obstinacy. It is not that her understanding pronounces as right that which fate has willed, but she rather bends it to a power, which she regards as unfathomable, but, at the same time, as immovable. Thus she perfects within herself her renunciation of her own views and understanding, and brings the sacrifice of a perfect self-denial.

But Charlotte is not satisfied with a resignation to a "conceptionless" (begriffslos) necessity; for thus, in opposition to her consciousness, had the power appeared to her, to which she resolved to bow. Such a clear nature can, so to speak, only pause for a moment at the difference between its views and actions; it would, during this difference, only yield to a blind necessity, and remain unrecanted in the act of renunciation. Hence it is, that the consciousness of bowing only to a "conceptionless" fatality, elevates itself into the acknowledgment that now an old illusion is dissipated, which had once seen, in Edward's urgency and perseverance, a real love, and had confounded friendly inclination with that full love, which perfectly comprehends the whole being. Placing in this error her whole guilt, which lies, as it were, beyond all imputation, she comprehends her renunciation in the deepest sense, as something commanded by a higher order of things, by which those who were destined for each other, and torn asunder by a mere human delusion, are again united.

The progress of consciousness in this matter is not to be mistaken. Resignation to a blind necessity has changed into a resignation to a higher order of things, which is recognised by the subject, and to which man must yield—nay, sacrifice his weal and woe. It is important that Charlotte exhibits to us the whole process of this elevation of consciousness. The tone of mind which the whole work and its development produces for us—namely, that a higher order of things, exalted above all choice and feeling, triumphs at last over all obstacles, whencesoever they may come,—this term is already acquired by Charlotte. Only in that clear-minded Charlotte, ever striving after the solution of the riddle, can such a result be produced—a result which reveals itself to her in the purest act of her moral depth, and hence appears more like an intuition from which the character of a mere *raisonnement* of the understanding is completely stripped. The thoroughly subjective colouring which is given to the whole passage, the gradual growth of this result, is the very thing which, at the same time, gives this movement of thought such a force, and makes it the manifestation of a great soul-contest.

But this sacrifice is only the expression of moral elevation, when the individual does not leave open to himself the least prospect of a compensation. As soon as the least doubt prevailed, whether Charlotte was resolved to reject the Captain's hand, when offered by circumstances—nay by Edward himself, the most moral significance of the renunciation would have been disturbed. We hence require the plain open declaration of the noble Charlotte, that she decidedly renounces this highest good, and with such a nature this

no more surprises us. Hence this resolution appears to us as the purest act of moral liberty, and of exalted clearness of mind, since to all the inquiry on the part of Edward, as well as to the Captain's question, what he dare hope? she only replies by this refusal: "We have not deserved to be unhappy, but neither have we merited to be happy together." In these weighty words, Charlotte takes upon herself the whole extent of a fault once committed, and at the same time effects an atonement by them, in the very moment when nothing more is opposed to the fulfilment of her inclination—nay, when all combines to make her consent to an union with the Captain, rather as an act for the happiness of others, than for her own satisfaction. Thus is the resignation of all claim to a clear possession, for the sake of a blind passion, connected with the resignation of one's own happiness, at the hands of a revered friend, into a moral deed which peacefully and satisfactorily solves all the collisions of the heart. Charlotte has brought herself quite pure out of the contest; her heart is troubled by no shadow of an impure feeling; at the same time, all harshness, all appearance of a pride in virtue, is so remote from this nature, that we rather see in her infinitely tender treatment of Ottilia the expression of a "fine soul," which has been touched in an infinitely painful manner, by a lot, which regards her only as the great sacrifice of unalterable destiny, determined as it was by nature itself. In the midst of this shattering catastrophe, not a word escapes her, which with self-sufficiency places the deed she accomplished with freedom, in opposition to the lot of the lovers. The last victory, as it has made her internally free from every relic of the natural force, has also endued her with that highest moral grace which, indeed, always determines itself in an innate tact, but never looks back upon itself with a composing glance, and suns itself in the contemplation of a moral preeminence. The relation of Charlotte to Ottilia appears to us, as it were, the exhalation which has placed itself round the moral purity and "virtuosity" of this noble lady, which in the presence of this individual fills us with a feeling of imposing pleasure. Thus is Charlotte the completed, living image of a truly feminine nature, exactly comprehending the greatness of her destination, endowed with all those gifts of heart and mind which have a claim to the exhibition of the most successful and satisfactory existence. That this last is denied her is her destiny—her fate exalted above all responsibility, which has confined her in a sphere, in which is fought out the contest between the natural force of feeling and the moral idea. Even she must be painfully touched by this destiny, since even the purest feast of victory is accompanied by a mourning for the sacrifices which have been required. Great, therefore, as are the results of this triumph, much as it shines before all as an enviable good, when it once comes to a contest, we nevertheless hear, even in the midst of the rejoicing, the cries of pain, which are involuntarily forced out of the proud heart of the conqueror, and which first utterly, silence the thought of a divine government of the world to the restriction of which this victory has, essentially contributed.

Because Charlotte is called to be representative of that point, which, by means of moral freedom, frees itself out of the discord, she required a perfect development, pursued through all its degrees. We have in our treatise carefully pursued the moments of this individuality, in which understanding and feeling so interpenetrate each other as to produce the most beautiful equilibrium, and have endeavoured as much as possible to bring to consciousness the moral relatives in their universal significance and internal connection. We have now, therefore, according to the declaration we made above, to turn to the last group—Edward and Ottilia; and, in the first place, to bring forward the fundamental characteristics of Edward's individuality.

(To be continued.)

. To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and the ballet of *Le Jugement de Paris*, formed the entertainments of the evening. The house was full, and the accustomed "ceremonies" took place.

On Tuesday *Le Nozze di Figaro* was produced, in which

Mdlle. Lind attempted the part of Susanna. The other principal characters were thus distributed:—Countess Almaviva, Mad. Castellan—Cherubino, Mad. Solari—Count Almaviva, Signor Coletti—Figaro, Herr Staudigl—Dr. Bartolo, Signor Lablache. Thus, apparently, except in one particular, the cast was strong; but the result dispelled the illusion.

As so much was predicated by the admirers of Mdlle. Lind, in favor of her Susanna, the disappointment was greater than it might have been had nothing been said about it. We must confess that we have seldom witnessed a more unsatisfactory performance from an artiste of renown. There was neither the spirit of the part nor the spirit of the music. Beaumarchais and Mozart were equally lost sight of. Through the whole of the first act, Mdlle. Lind was as stiff and as formal as a boarding-school miss. We could not avoid thinking of Grisi in the duet for Susanna and Marcellina, "La sposa novella," and in the exquisite air, "Venite, inginocchiatevi," where Susanna tries the cap upon Cherubini; we could not but think of Grisi, and sigh for the presence of—we grieve to say it—her natural and lively comedy. But alas! in Mdlle. Lind there was not a spark of humour, not a glimpse of animation. The two first duets with Figaro were correctly sung, but both wanted a little more vivacity. The fine trio, "Cosa sento," with Basilio and the Count, was sadly handled; the two gentlemen did not seem to know what they were about, and the tameness of Mdlle. Lind's delivery helped little to make the matter clearer. There was some excuse, however, for Coletti, in whose behalf indulgence was asked, after the conclusion of the overture (which was played from a set of uncorrected parts, to judge from the wrong notes in the *forte* passages), on the plea of indisposition. Not that we think Coletti's heavy style at all fitted for the dashing Almaviva. We have already complained of the want of comic humour displayed by Mdlle. Lind in the air "Venite, inginocchiatevi;" and unfortunately there was little in her singing to redeem it. Nothing could well have been more insipid. We were greatly disappointed in this song; anticipating something much more refined and sparkling. The only remarkable point was in the last verse at the *refrain*, on the words "Han certo il lor perché," which, however, Mdlle. Lind, whose classical taste is so much admired, took the liberty of delivering much too slow—making of a naturally effective point what is vulgarly termed a "gag." In the trio, "Susanna or via sortite," with the Count and Countess, where Susanna is behind the curtain, Mdlle. Lind was much more at home, and the ease with which she took the high C (albeit the said high C is not a very musical note,) was admirable. The charming little duet, "Aprite, presto aprite," for Susanna and Cherubino, prefacing the latter's escape from the window, was executed in anything but faultless style by Mdlle. Lind and Made. Solari. We, who know the duet by heart, could with difficulty make out any of the phrases of which it is composed. In the finale to the first act, the principal singers were either imperfect or inattentive, and the orchestra was unusually loud, although Balfe effected wonders in keeping it together. A great deal has been said of Mdlle. Lind's "bye-play." We do not deny that she is always engaged upon something—always essaying to act; but not the less are we compelled to affirm that her "bye-play" is often inappropriate, and consequently obtrusive. For example—while Staudigl was singing the "Non piu andrai," Mdlle. Lind who, as the representative of Susanna, should sympathise with Cherubino in his unexpected misfortune, was all the time making faces and gestures at him, significant of irony and contempt; and drawing away the attention of the audience from Figaro, to whom it should

properly be directed; a liberty which no actor should take with another. But to such a pitch of unreasonableness has criticism arrived lately, that if Mdlle. Lind simply walks across the stage, it is termed "good acting," or at least "a capital point." Such points, however, escape our faculty of appreciation. After the curtain dropped upon the first act, the principal singers were recalled—a cogent proof of how easily such an honor is gained now-a-days, when audiences who will not think for themselves, are led, by the example of interested persons, to commit no end of absurdities.

We must not leave the first act without noticing Lablache's "La Vendetta," a fine piece of declamatory vocalisation; Staudigl's "Non piu andrai," which, though deficient in power—the great German *basso* ill brooking the fetters of Italian accent—was vigorous and animated; Madame Solari's "Non so piu cosa son, cosa faccio," ("I know not what I am, or what I am doing,") the words of which exactly described her position; and Madame Castellan's "Porgi amor," which was (after Lablache's "La Vendetta") the best piece of singing during the entire act. Her "Voi che sapete" was not so good; and, moreover, it was absurd to put in the mouth of the Countess—a married lady—a song that speaks the sentiments of an uninformed youth, and can only properly be sung by a *demoiselle*, or a *dame*—to borrow terms from *la langue Romaine*. If Madame Solari could not sing it (and it belongs of right to the Page), Mdlle. Lind should have undertaken it. From the lips of the maiden, Susanna, the sentiments it conveys might reasonably fall. Perhaps Mdlle. Lind did not imagine she could produce any effect in it, and so magnanimously resigned it to Madame Castellan, who sang it coldly enough.

The second act was sadly mutilated. The lovely duet, "Crudel perche," and the noble air, "Vedro, mentr'io sospiro," with the recitative that precedes it, were—owing, we suppose, to Coletti's indisposition—omitted. This put us out of humour, and we paid little attention to the rest. Of course the duet "Sull' aria" was encored—how could it escape it? And, to say truth, it was very gracefully sung by Madame Castellan and Mdlle. Lind. But what the audience meant by calling for a double repetition of the *fag end* of a piece of unaccompanied recitative—where Susanna, Marcellina, Figaro, and Barbarina wind up a passage with a long shake—we were puzzled to divine. Mozart, who wrote the passage, would have been puzzled himself. The *sandango* which follows the chorus, "Amanti costanti;" the air for Basilio, "In quegli anni;" and many other good things, were cut out altogether. But Mdlle. Lind restored the pleasing little ballad in F, "Deh vieni non tardar," which she sang with charming taste, sinning only by occasional exaggeration of *ritardandos* and elongations of cadences. In all other respects this performance was worthy of the best ballad-singing of Kitty Stephens, the queen of ballad-singers. One ballad, however, sung to perfection though it be, cannot atone for the mediocrity displayed throughout a whole opera. There remains nothing more to say but that the second finale was rendered with tolerable energy by all concerned, though with no great degree of intelligence. The curtain fell upon what can only be termed a failure.

The general performance of the opera did not reach mediocrity. The minor parts were inefficiently rendered. The chorusses were noisy, but neither refined nor invariably correct. The band, thanks to Balfe—who knows the score thoroughly, and must have fagged incessantly to get anything like order from such materials—was never so correct in expression, never less coarse and scratchy in execution. What a pity all the violoncellos were not Piattis, all the basses not Anglois, all

the oboes not Lavignes, all the violins not Pluys', Tolbecques, and Nadauds! Balfe would have had something like a band, then, for his *Figaro*. With a less intelligent and practised director, a break down, in the present instance, would have been inevitable. But this is not the first time we have had occasion to be thankful for Balfe's energy and skill during the season—nor the second, nor the third, nor even the tenth nor the twentieth—shall we say the fiftieth time? The costumes and scenery were not in that spirit of munificence which characterised the managerial policy previous to Mdle. Lind's arrival. Great stress has been laid by some of the press upon the fact of Mr. Lumley having deferred the representation of *Figaro* until the term of the subscription was at an end. But as the opera was represented the subscribers have no cause for complaint. They would have had legitimate reason to grumble, had they been obliged to hear Mozart's great work performed in such a fashion.

It would appear that the management of Her Majesty's Theatre has been sturdily endeavouring of late to merit the reproach levelled against the Israelites of old, who "waxed fat and kicked." Certainly, a very small part of the money that has flowed into the treasury since the "Nightingale's" advent, has flowed out of the treasury for the expenses of the *costumier*, decorator, and scene-painter;—while the band, inefficient as it was at the beginning of the season, is likely, from all we learn, to be still more so next season. Such economy is ill advised. A grand lyrical establishment without a band and chorus of appropriate excellence, is deficient in the most essential department of its machinery; and this is the condition of Her Majesty's Theatre at the present epoch. Mr. Lumley should mend the matter while he may. The "Lind mania" will certainly not last another season, even though Meyerbeer should come, with his *Camp of Silesia*, to prop it up. It is tottering even now. The stout and successful opposition to the recall for Mdle. Lind—which issued from certain boxes, after the second act of the opera on Tuesday night, was full of meaning and significance. John Bull is getting ashamed of the fatuity into which he so heedlessly allowed himself to be betrayed. A reaction is at hand. Mdle. Lind's Norma was a great failure; but Mdle. Lind's Susanna is a greater. Will the fair Swede essay another of Grisi's parts? We hope she may not be so ill advised.

After the opera we took the opportunity of witnessing our favorite of last season, *Le Jugement de Paris*, one of the happiest efforts of Perrot. Taglioni was all herself; Cerito more than ever animated and graceful; Perrot as lively as a squirrel; but Lucile Grahn's place was ill supplied by Rosati, who continues to look at her feet as pertinaciously as ever; and the part of Louise Taglioni was most clumsily interpreted by a *coryphée* whose name we did not learn, having no bill. In short much of the charm of last year's performance had vanished away utterly.

On Thursday *Figaro* was repeated with the same ballet. To night, *La Sonnambula* will be given, with *Le Jugement de Paris*, being the last performance of the present season, of which we must postpone our *resumé* till next week.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday and Tuesday the *Donna del Lago* was repeated for the second and third times. The enthusiasm it excited on the first representation was not an atom abated on the second or third. The same encores took place, the same recalls, and the same ovations. We must be necessarily curt in our notice, as we have already devoted so much space to the *resumé* of the Royal Italian Opera season. On Saturday, after the perform-

ance of *La Donna del Lago*, a new *divertissement* was produced for Mdle. Plunkett, expressly composed for her by Signor Casati, the talented *maitre de ballet*. Signor Casati has manufactured a very pleasing *ballet divertissement* from some slender materials connected with the fortunes of a Naiad, or Water-spirit. He has divided it into two *tableaux*, a sylvan and aquatic, both very beautifully put on the stage. Then Signor Casati has introduced various picturesque groupings, and has supplied some exceedingly pretty dances for the choregraphs. And Signor Casati, in fine, has composed some delicious *pas* for the ever-graceful Plunkett, and has woven a highly effective *divertissement*. The dancing of Plunkett was extremely elegant. Her dress was the most picturesque we have seen for a long time, and, altogether, she looked most charming. Mdle. Plunkett received immense applause, and had showers of *bouquets* flung to her after several *pas*. The *divertissement* was entirely successful, and will, no doubt, run to the last night of the season. On Thursday the *Nozze di Figaro* was repeated, and was magnificently done. The audience was roused to a greater pitch of excitement than at any previous performance, and after summoning all the performers twice, called for Costa at the end. We are glad to find that the public are beginning to feel the real worth of Sig. Costa at the Royal Italian Opera. Better late than never. The subscription season closes to-night with *Semiramide*, but on Tuesday, there will be one more performance before the curtain drops its last.

SONNET.

No. XLVIII.

I MAY conceal the truth with outside fair,
Deceiving others and myself the most;
Looking within, I feel what I have lost,
Glancing upon my heart—'tis written there.
The smile upon the lips, when eyeballs glare
With anguish, is not more an empty boast
Than mine, when—on a restless ocean tost—
I give the name of solace to despair.
Despair! rise in thy dark magnificence,
Come in thine awful truth, cast off disguise,
Tread out the torch of Hope, that makes men err,
With thy hot breath banish delusion hence—
As when, perchance, the sun, in wintry skies,
Melting the snow, reveals a sepulchre.—N.D.

GIORGIO RONCONI.

THIS celebrated dramatic vocalist was born in Venice on the 6th of August, 1814. His father, Domenico Ronconi, an artiste of great eminence in his time, was first tenor to Alexander, Emperor of Russia, Francesco 1st of Austria, and Maximilian of Bavaria. Giorgio Ronconi received his earliest instructions in singing, at Milan, from Rosa Ronconi, his sister, who, though an amateur, was an excellent musician. During this time his father was at Munich, fulfilling the office of *maitre de chant*, at the court of Maximilian—father of the present King of Bavaria, renowned as a warm patron of the arts and Lola Montez. At his return, young Giorgio, who had made considerable progress, and already knew more than his sister, profited by the experience and knowledge of his parent, and under his admirable tuition advanced rapidly in his studies. After two years practice he went to Pavia, a university town situated about ten miles from Milan, and, bitten with the rage for dramatic representations, entered into an engagement with the manager of the Opera there. He made his *début*, at eighteen years of age, in the part of Arturo (created by Tamburini), in Bellini's *La Straniera*. The composer himself was present, and felicitated Ronconi warmly on his success; and here a friendship was begun between Bellini and

Ronconi, which endured until the lamented death of the former put an end to it. The *impresario* of *La Scala* at Milan, the well-known Merelli, was also present on this occasion, and was desirous of securing the services of the youthful *debutante* for the *troupe* he was then forming for the Carnival. But Ronconi was fearful of risking the consequences, at his early age, of a failure at the largest theatre of Italy, and preferred accepting an engagement which was offered him, for the Carnival, at the little theatre of Cremona. There he appeared in *La Straniera*, Donizetti's *Olivo e Pasquale* (not *Don Pasquale*), and *Il Barone di Dolseim*, an opera by Pacini. His success was uncontested, and the result was an engagement for the Opera at Bologna, with Madame Ungher and Signor Poggi, afterwards the husband of Mdle. Frezzolini, the now celebrated *soprano*. At Bologna, Ronconi gained fresh laurels in *La Straniera* and *I Normani in Parigi*, an opera by Mercadante. The sensation he produced in this last opera was so deep, that it procured him an engagement for the great *fiera* (fair) at Padua, where the same operas were produced, with the addition of Mercadante's *Gabrielle di Vergy*, and *Eufemio di Messina* of Persiani. From Padua, Ronconi proceeded to Rome, where Donizetti, at the time, was engaged to write an opera for the *troupe* of the *Valle*, the second lyrical theatre in the city of the Cæsars. The popular *maestro* had but small faith in the new comer, and it was with a faint heart that he submitted to his care the principal part in his new work, *Il Furioso*. But contrary to all expectations, Ronconi created a perfect *furor* in this opera, and was the main cause of its success. So content was Donizetti, that the year following he wrote *Torquato Tasso*—one of his capital works—especially for Ronconi, the triumph of which is now a matter of history. For fifty-two representations in succession the theatre was so full, that crowds were sent away from the doors every night. After his success in *Il Furioso*, Ronconi appeared at Piacenza, and at Padua (for the second time), where he gained new honors. It was thence he returned to Rome, in the season of the Carnival, and achieved the triumph in *Torquato Tasso*, which we have already recorded. From Rome he proceeded to Turin, where, at the theatre *Carignano*, he sang in Rossi's *Il Disertore Svizzera*, Herold's *Zampa*, and Donizetti's *Parisina*. In the same season he was engaged at the *Teatro Reggio*, where Mercadante wrote for him *La Francisca Donato*, which, in spite of the favor accorded to Ronconi, achieved but a cold reception, and was not played more than nineteen times. In Italy an opera that is only played nineteen times is considered almost a failure.

Ronconi's next engagement was at the *San Carlo* of Naples, where his *Torquato Tasso* created the same sensation as at Rome. Not only were the *abonnés* of the great Neapolitan Opera wound up to an unusual pitch of enthusiasm, but a young and beautiful lady, Giovannina Giannoni, an enthusiastic amateur, and daughter of the Cesare Giannoni (pupil of the celebrated Fenaroli, of the Neapolitan *Conservatoire*), was so charmed by the talent of the young barytone, that, on making his acquaintance, and finding a reciprocity of sentiment on his part, she consented to admit his addresses, and in less than three months was wedded to him—which important event in the life of Ronconi happened on the 18th of October, 1837. From this time Ronconi remained two years at Naples, where he performed no less than 282 times. Among the operas in which he appeared, were *Torquato Tasso*, *Jean de Calais* (Donizetti), *Il Bravo* (Marliani), *Emma d'Antiochia* (Mercadante), *Il Campagnello* (Donizetti), *I Saraceni in Cattanea* (Persiani), and *Lara* (Ruolz)—all of which were written expressly for him—besides many others too long to

recite. At this time the theatre was managed by a society of distinguished Neapolitan *dilettante*. The *troupe* comprised the following celebrities:—*prime donne*, Madame Malibran, Madame Ronzi de Begnis, Madame Persiani, Madame Duprez (wife of the celebrated Duprez), Madame Schulz, Madame Ungher: *tenore*, Duprez (who commenced his career in Italy, and at this period, which was immediately previous to his appearance at the *Academie* in Paris, was a singer of very little note); Reina (a great vocalist in his day, and the admitted rival of Donzelli), Donzelli himself, Moriani, Salvi, Pedrazzi; *bassi*, Lablache, Coselli, (for whom Donizetti wrote *Parisina*) Crespi, Porto (nephew of the celebrated Porto, for whom Rossini wrote the part of Brabantio, in *Otello*, and who had the most extended register of voice ever known of its *genre*), Ronconi, and many others. This was the greatest, most various, and most efficient company ever known in Italy. And yet, with so magnificent a *troupe*, it is a positive fact, that on one occasion, in consequence of Duprez being absent on leave at Ancona, and Ronconi being indisposed, the theatre was obliged to be closed—and that on *Sunday*, ordinarily the most profitable day of the week in the Italian operatic towns. Herefrom two great operatic establishments, not far off, which we will not specialise by name, might derive a beneficial lesson, to guide them in the formation of their future companies.

During the three succeeding years Ronconi visited Livourno, Florence, Bologna, Verona, Trieste, Venice, Sinigaglia (*la porte des Français*,—Seno Gallia—the birth place of the great and renowned Pio IX, who was governor of the town at the time of the engagement of Ronconi, with whom he lived on terms of friendly intimacy,) Faenza, &c., each of which towns he visited at least four or five times. During his last season but one in Italy (the autumn of 1841), Ronconi was at Modena, where the well-known Laporte, formerly director of Her Majesty's Theatre, happened to be staying at the time. Laporte was so delighted with Ronconi's talents that he immediately engaged him for London, for the spring of the following year. Accordingly, after fulfilling his last engagement in Italy, at the Carnival of Milan, Ronconi arrived in England in April 1842. Laporte, whose judgment in artistic matters was justly renowned, had been struck with the talent displayed by Ronconi in two very opposite characters—Filippo, in Bellini's *Beatrice di Tenda*, and Dulcamarra, in Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*—characters demanding respectively the deepest tragic and the liveliest comic powers. Madame Ronconi, who played the part of Adina in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, also favourably attracted the attention of Laporte, and was included in the engagement. On their arrival in England, however, the Ronconis found poor Laporte dead, and Mr. Lumley, the present lessee, in his place as director. Their engagement, nevertheless, was equally valid, and in *Beatrice di Tenda*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Don Giovanni*, *Elena di Feltro* (Mercadante), *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Torquato Tasso*, *Roberto Devereux*, *I Puritani*, and *Mosé in Egitto*, Ronconi exhibited the variety of his resources, and the energy and originality of his talent, to singular advantage. After the season he undertook a tour in the provinces, accompanied by Thalberg, Made. Ronconi, and John Parry, during which he sang at forty-six concerts, in rapid succession.

Subsequent to this tour, Ronconi went to Paris, where he gave several concerts, and sang at all the *soirées* of the nobility, in company with Mad. Ronconi. His reception at Paris was so great that M. Vatel engaged him for the Italian Opera, where he made a brilliant *debut*, and where he has remained ever since for five years) one of the most attractive members of the *troupe*.

At Vienna, where Ronconi had previously created a great sensation in 1839, Donizetti composed for him the opera of *Maria di Rohan*, in 1843, which produced an effect that has never been effaced in that city of connoisseurs. From Vienna Ronconi proceeded to Pesth, in Hungary, where he was equally well received. The operas there performed were *Maria di Rohan*, *Beatrice di Tenda*, and *L'Elisir d'Amore*, in all of which Made. Ronconi shared the success of her celebrated *caro sposo*. From Pesth Ronconi came back once more to Paris, where he formed an engagement with M. Salamanca for the opera at Madrid. At the Spanish capital he became such an immense favourite that M. Salamanca entered into terms with him, to form and direct the entire company for the ensuing year. The *troupe* engaged by Ronconi included Made. Persiani, Made. Ronconi, Salvi, Marini, &c. In the previous year (his first in Spain) Ronconi visited Barcelona, where he gave five representations; after which he returned to Naples, the scene of his most frequent triumphs, and performed with Made. Anna Bishop in *Beatrice di Tenda*. Since then Ronconi's visits to Paris have been annual; he is an enormous favorite with the Parisians, who will not admit any one to be his equal as a dramatic singer. The result of his engagement this year with the Royal Italian Opera is well known to the readers of the *Musical World*. Ronconi is an honorary associate of the *Academia di Santa Cecilia*, at Rome, Naples, Venice, Bologna, and Firenze, and an honorary member of the *Capella Sistina* at Rome. His repertory is more varied and numerous than that of any other living dramatic vocalist. Twenty-five operas have been expressly written for him:—*L'avvertimento ai Gelosi*, by Balfe; *Il Furioso*, *Torquato Tasso*, *Maria Rudenz*, *Il Campanello*, *Maria di Rohan*, and *Maria Padilla* of Donizetti; *I Saraceni in Cattanea*, *Eufemio di Messina*, *Il Fantasma*, and *L'Orfana Savojarda* of Persiani; *Corrado d'Altamura*, and *Il Disertore per Amore* of Ricci; *Nabucco*, by Verdi; *Francisca Donata*, by Mercadante; and others by Ruolz, Vaccaj, Nini, Lillo, Rossi, Gervasi, Gerli, Raimondi, and Bornaccini. With these, and the other operas in which he is famous, Ronconi's repertory includes no less than 140 works, by various composers, ancient and modern, in any of which he is ready to sing at a moment's notice!

Our own high opinion of Ronconi's dramatic and vocal talents has been given too often to need repeating here. It is enough to say that we consider him one of the most extraordinary of living artistes—one of the greatest and most versatile. And, to add another charm to all this, he is as modest and unaffected as a child.

RACHEL AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

SINCE our last, Rachel has appeared in *Phédre*, *Virginie*, and *Jeanne d'Arc*. There is a charm in everything she does; she realizes so intensely the *beau-ideal* of the tragic poet, that we find it difficult to pronounce which character she most excels in. We were delighted with her in *Camille*—as we faintly endeavoured to pourtray last week—and perhaps if asked to say which character we would recommend any one to see her in, who had never seen Rachel before, we should say *Camille* in *Les Horaces*. But to see her in *Camille alone* is to know but little of her talent. *Phédre* calls for far greater display of her tragic powers—and what more difficult to depict than the guilty love-stricken woman, consumed by a passion of which she is not only the unwilling, but the resisting victim! No one can describe her wonderful acting in Racine's masterpiece; it must be seen, and by those only who

have seen it can it be felt and appreciated. Her reception was far more enthusiastic than on Monday night, and she was recalled at the end of each act—even after the final close, so powerfully given, of her death by poison. This calling before the curtain is a most unmeaning and senseless custom, and after a closing scene like the one in *Les Horaces*, or in *Phédre*, it becomes truly painful, and jars all feelings of propriety; it must be a very doubtful sort of compliment to the actor when she has just been taking such pains to convince us she was dying! It wants reforming altogether; surely some more suitable mode of expressing approbation might be adopted. *Tartuffe* was admirably played the same evening by the other members of Mr. Mitchell's *troupe*, especially *Tartuffe* by M. Brevame, and Orgon's wife by Madlle. Rabut; nor must we omit to mention favourably Orgon's *beaufrère*, by M. Cloup, and the *suivante* by Madlle. Derouet—it was a capital performance. But one of Molière's comedies and Racine's tragedy make too long a performance to be given the same evening. We did not see her *Virginie* on Friday, but understand it was another triumph for Rachel. On Saturday evening we saw her, for the last time in Manchester, in Soumet's tragedy, *Jeanne d'Arc*—a most lovely picture it was! one that will never be effaced from our memory. We are sorry to say the house was not a very good one—the thinnest of the four, and that Mr. Knowles and Mr. Mitchell (whose joint venture it was) will be anything but gainers by this the first attempt at bringing out Rachel in the provinces! Next week we shall have Jenny Lind. Mr. Knowles will make money by her engagement, as nearly every place in the theatre is taken for her four nights.—Will she satisfy us as well as Rachel has done? We shall see. Meantime, the Lind seems to be falling into disfavour with the Editor of the *Musical World*, this last week or two, as well as Her Majesty's Theatre generally.

MUSIC AT MARGATE.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

SIR,—Observing that you frequently insert communications from provincial correspondents on matters musical, may I request that you will spare a corner for a sketch of our doings at Margate, in the harmonic line. Promenade concerts take place every evening, in the spacious room belonging to the Royal Hotel, under the direction of Mr. Gardner, a talented violoncello player, belonging to the band of Her Majesty's Theatre, who has adapted several overtures and selections from popular operas, as septetts for violins, violoncello, double bass, flute, cornet, and pianoforte; these are performed in a very efficient manner by Messrs. Bradley, Gardner, Taylor, A. Wells, Davies, Taylure, &c., most of whom play solos on their several instruments in very clever style. Interspersed with the instrumental pieces, are songs by the Misses Kenneth, Mrs. A. Newton, and others. Mr. J. L. Hatton, the composer, is announced for a pianoforte performance and a buffo song, and we look for his appearance with interest; he was highly successful last year. The concert terminates at half-past nine, when dancing commences under the direction of Mr. Mott, from Her Majesty's Theatre, and is kept up with great spirit and respectability for two hours, to a most excellent orchestra. The Tivoli Gardens are open every afternoon, and concerts take place in the evening under the direction of the veteran, Sinclair, whose property the gardens are; he sings Scottish ballads with great applause. Songs and duets are also nicely sung by Miss Harcourt and Miss Millar. After which dancing commences to a good band, and the whole concludes with a brilliant display of fireworks.

At St. Peter's, two miles on the Ramsgate road, music and dancing take place daily; and we have had some *soi-disant* negroes, with their banjos and their bones. There is a band of sixteen Germans on the Pier, which plays three times a day, while the visitors promenade. We have also our *Jenny Lind*, who sings ballads, accompanying herself on the guitar, at the end of the Jetty, when the tide is out; so, Sir, I think you will allow that Margate is not an anti-musical place. I perceive, in a popular Sunday paper, a sketch of our renowned town crier, which, I assure you, is by no means overcharged. Mr. Phillpott is one of the most eccentric and amusing fellows imaginable. He was born a poet, although his profession is only that of a cobbler; as he himself observes, "I cries all the summer, and cobbles all the winter." The manner in which he announces the amusements, the sailing of the steam boats, goods to sell, &c., is highly laughable; he generally accomplishes his *devoir* in doggerel verse, and the visitors crowd around him whenever they hear his bell. As a specimen of his poetical talent, I send you one of his recent effusions respecting the promenade concerts, premising that his delivery is most quaint and ludicrous; he lays emphasis and makes long pauses in wrong places, taking all sorts of liberties with the Queen's English—*ecce signum*—

(Tingle-ting—Tingle-ting.)

"Ye gents and ye ladies attend to my call,
When the consort is over—there vill be a ball!"

(Tingle-ting—Tingle-ting.)

"The gentry is invited
To the consorts for to go,
Where they vill be delighted,
As very vell I know.
The music, which is pretty,
Begins exact at eight,—
Then quit the Pier and Jetty,
And to the rooms go straight.
The singing is enchanting,
The playing very fine,
In short, there's nothing wanting
To make it all dewine!"

You shall hear from me again, the moment I find anything worth noting for the information of your readers.—Your obedient servant,

HARMONICUS.

Marine Terrace, August 17th, 1847.

PROVINCIAL.

LEICESTER.—Considerable excitement has been manifested during the last fortnight by the announcement of a concert to be given, for which the Distin family was engaged, and who made their appearance before a Leicester audience on Monday evening last, at the Theatre. The house was very well and fashionably attended, and we beg most heartily to congratulate our worthy townsman, Mr. H. Nicholson, on the success which has attended his spirited attempt to introduce for the first time these *artistes* in Leicester. Mr. Distin's performance of Dr. Arne's "Soldier Tired" was redemanded. Miss O'Connor made a favourable impression on the audience by her unaffected manner of singing. We must not omit to mention the piano-forte accompanying of Mr. Willy, which added greatly to the general effect, and who also played a concerto of Doehler's in a first-rate manner.—*Leicester Advertiser*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CAMEO ENGRAVINGS.—The finest specimens that are known are those devoted to Mythological subjects, and consequently are liable to the caprice or fancy of the artist, whose object is to portray the general character, without the necessity of subscribing to the features, except so far as they are classically delineated. A young Medallist of the name of Picourt has struck out a new path, and has ventured upon taking likenesses on Cameos which

of course are unperishable, and his essays have been crowned with the greatest success by those of her Majesty and the Prince Consort. His stay in this Country will be of some duration unless called upon to resume his avocations as a medallist at Paris. —(*From a Correspondent*.)

BENEDICT left London, on Thursday, to join his family at Boulogne. Benedict intends during the recess to visit the principal towns of Germany.

FELIX GODFROID, the harpist has gone to Boulogne Sur Mer.

MRS. FANNY BUTLER.—An interesting anecdote is told of Mrs. Butler on her passage from Jersey to this island. It appears that the fair actress was very ill on board the steamer, and consequently not much in the humour to be disturbed or spoken to. The stewardess, however, was obliged to ask for the fare. Her application was responded to by Mrs. Butler, with a tone and attitude strictly theatrical—"Woman, when you see a poor creature, suffering as I am now, you should not ask her for money."—*Guernsey Sun*.

GIBSON, THE HARLEQUIN.—This popular pantomimist and dance met with a premature death by drowning, on Sunday, at Liverpool, while bathing in the river Mersey.

A MUSICIAN IN TROUBLE.—About noon on Friday, as the band of the First Royal Regiment was at practice in the Regent-road Barrack, all the members of the band, with the exception of the non-commissioned officers and one or two privates, made a simultaneous attack on Signor Castaldini, the band-master of the regiment. Throwing a sheet over him, so as to prevent his identifying any one in particular, they beat him with their fists severely about the head and the body, though not so as to inflict any severer injury on his person than a sound thrashing. Of course all the offenders were immediately placed in confinement. Colonel Bell forthwith instituted an inquiry into the cause of this outrage; and from what we have heard, we understand that it is alleged to have been provoked by a long series of violent, harsh, and offensive treatment to which the men have been subjected by the band-master. This was the more irritating to the band, as Signor Castaldini is a civilian, and has therefore no right to abuse the power intrusted to him, as he has nothing to do with the discipline of the men, beyond the performance of his duty in teaching them music. As his name implies, he is an Italian, a musician of considerable talent, and successful as a teacher; but it is said that he has been in the habit of applying to the band generally the most contemptuous epithets, such as "English brutes," and other terms unfit for publication; and that his behaviour towards them has at length driven the men to inflict this summary punishment on the one holding for the time the position of their officer. They would have acted much more wisely in preferring a complaint of Signor Castaldini's conduct to Colonel Bell, whose known impartiality would have insured them attention, a fair investigation and ample justice. It is said that Signor Castaldini, on a former occasion was similarly treated by the band of the 11th Foot, for like conduct towards them, and that his connexion with that regiment was then terminated by his discharge. In all probability he will soon cease to be band-master of the Royals.—*Manchester Guardian*.

MA. STUART and his accomplished daughter have been playing with great success at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester.

A GRAND CONCERT was given yesterday in the concert-room of Her Majesty's Theatre, in aid of the Chorus belonging to the establishment. All the artistes lent their services gratis, and the attraction was immense, especially since Mdle. Jenny Lind condescended to sing. We need not specialize all the *morceaux*. Those which obtained most applause were, of course, given by the Swedish Nightingale. She was encored in "Quand je quittai la Normandie," in "Sul l'aria," with Madame Castellan; and in two of her Swedish Melodies. The first song was brilliantly given, the duet was very charming; and the two National Melodies exhibited the peculiar qualities of the fair artist to very great advantage. Gardoni gave the "Spirito Gentil," from *La Favorite*, with great expression and feeling. Staudigl sang two songs, one from Balfe's *Cas le of Aymon*, in which he was much applauded. There were, besides, the usual solos, duets, trios, &c., and the whole choir gave choruses of Verdi and Bolognese. Balfe accompanied almost every *morceau* with his customary skill and efficiency. The concert-room was full, but not inconveniently crowded.

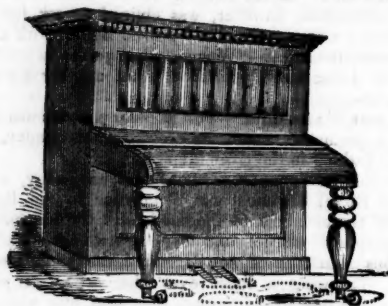
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MELODIST PRIZES.—"A Country Professor" is informed, that none but the Musical Members of the Melodists' Club, are eligible to become candidates for the prizes offered by the Society; of whom there are twenty, including Bishop, Blewitt, Cooke, Hatton, Hobbs, Horn, King, Taylor, &c. &c. &c.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Neither Vincent Novello, nor his son, John Alfred, is a lay vicar of St. Paul's.

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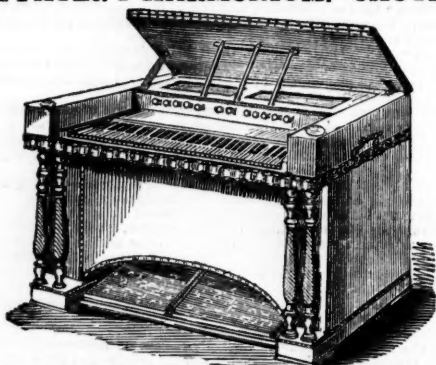
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